

MARCH

No. 11

10c

# CRACK COMICS

QUALITY  
COMIC  
GROUP



THE BLACK CONDOR



ALIAS THE SPIDER



JANE ARDEN



NED BRANT



IN THIS **THE** IN A SUPER  
ISSUE **CLOCK** THRILLER





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# \$200.<sup>00</sup> IN PRIZES

## 123 WINNERS

### THE EASIEST CONTEST IN THE WORLD!

All you have to do is tell us how to improve **SMASH COMICS**, **NATIONAL COMICS**, **CRACK COMICS** and **HIT COMICS**. Write us a short letter listing your various suggestions and enclose the coupon at the top of the inside back cover with your letter.

First prize is \$50.00, second prize is \$20.00 and third prize is \$10.00. In addition, there are 120 consolation prizes of \$1.00 each. So fill in the coupon right away and try to win a cash prize.

The best letter we receive wins the \$50.00. But in order to win a prize, you must fill in the coupon at the top of the inside back cover (or facsimile) and send this to us with your suggestions. Make your letter interesting and list your favorite features in the order you prefer them.

This contest is open to everyone except employees of **SMASH COMICS**, **NATIONAL COMICS**, **CRACK COMICS** and **HIT COMICS**. All letters must be received by March 15th in order to be eligible for a prize.

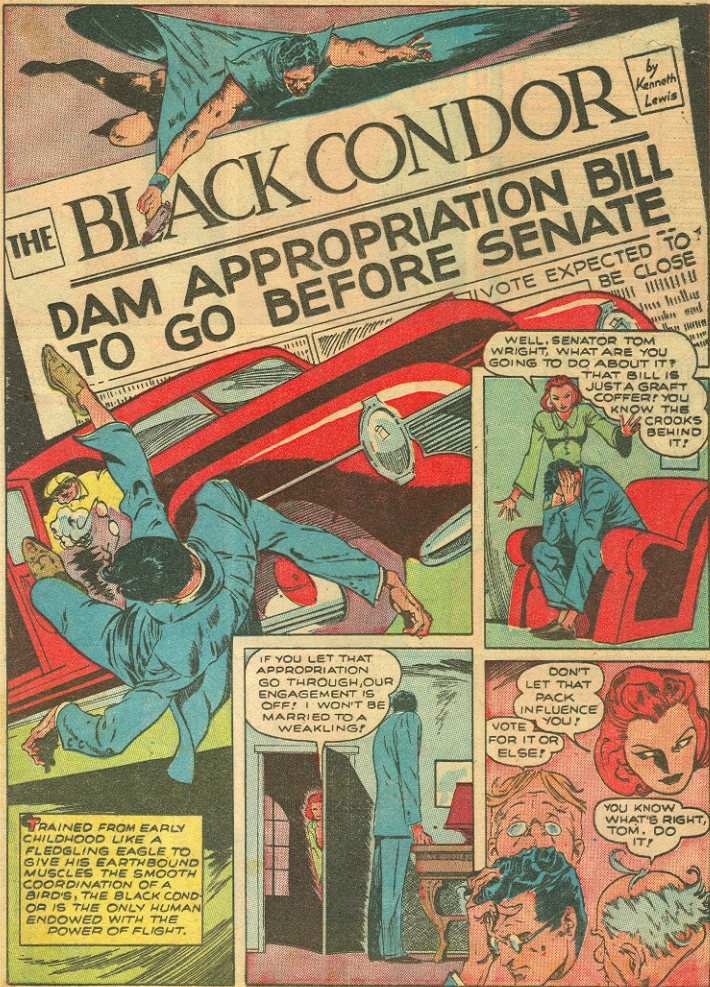
*Send all letters with coupons to*

**QUALITY COMIC GROUP**

**322 Main Street**

**Stamford, Conn.**





by  
Kenneth  
Lewis

# THE BLACK CONDOR

## DAM APPROPRIATION BILL TO GO BEFORE SENATE

WELL, SENATOR TOM WRIGHT, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT? THAT BILL IS JUST A GRAFT COFFER! YOU KNOW THE CROOKS BEHIND IT!

IF YOU LET THAT APPROPRIATION GO THROUGH, OUR ENGAGEMENT IS OFF! I WON'T BE MARRIED TO A WEAKLING!

DON'T LET THAT PAK INFLUENCE YOU! VOTE FOR IT OR ELSE!

YOU KNOW WHAT'S RIGHT, TOM. DO IT!

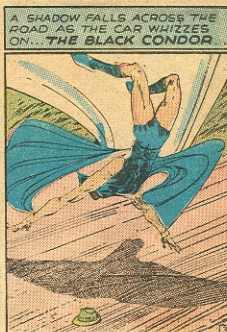
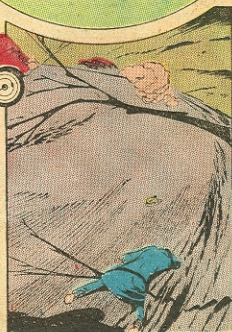
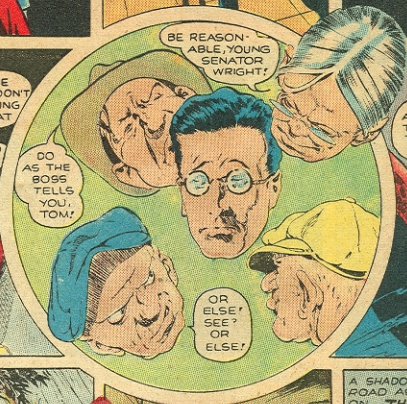
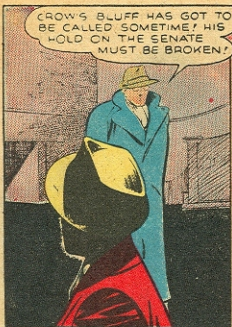
TRAINED FROM EARLY CHILDHOOD LIKE A FLEDGLING EAGLE TO GIVE HIS EARTHBOUND MUSCLES THE SMOOTH COORDINATION OF A BIRD'S, THE BLACK CONDOR IS THE ONLY HUMAN ENDOWED WITH THE POWER OF FLIGHT.



BLUE HAZE ENSHROUDS THE SMOKING MEMBERS OF A SECRET GATHERING AT THE HOME OF JASPAR CROW.







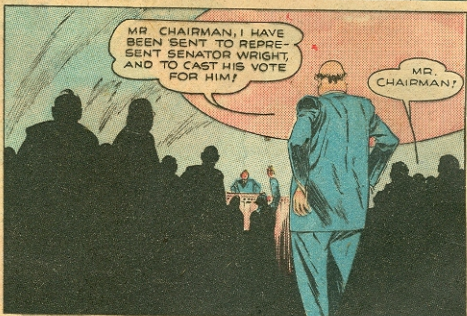




NEXT DAY, THE APPROPRIATION BILL IS UP BEFORE THE SENATE.



GET D<sup>r</sup> DOCTOR FOS...TER



MR. CHAIRMAN!

IN THE GALLERY JASPAR CROW GASPS AUDIBLY.



GATER.



DARLING! YOU VOTED NO?  
YOU LOVE ME?  
NOW I KNOW  
YOU DO!



WHY  
WHAT'S  
THE  
MATTER,  
DEAR?

OH, ER.  
EXCUSE  
ME!

HE RAN  
AWAY...AND HIS  
KISS WAS  
SO COLD!

WHAT  
DID I DO  
TO DESERVE  
THAT?

THE CAR SPEEDS OUT OF WASH-  
INGTON TO A DIRT COUNTRY  
ROAD.



TOM WRIGHT IS  
DEAD, BLACK CONDOR..  
I' COULDN'T SAVE HIM.  
TOO BAD! TOO BAD!  
WELL, WHAT HAPPENED  
TO THE BILL?

IT WAS DEFEAT-  
ED BY MY VOTE!  
DR. FOSTER, I'M  
SORRY TO  
HEAR ABOUT  
TOM!

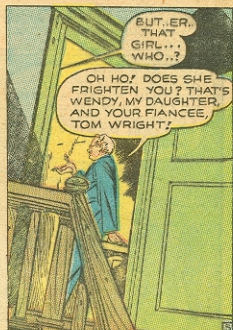


THERE'S ONLY  
ONE THING TO  
DO..YOU MUST  
BECOME SENA-  
TOR TOM  
WRIGHT!

WE NEED A POWERFUL  
MAN LIKE YOU IN AN  
INFLUENTIAL POSITION...  
IN THE WHITE HOUSE  
YOU WILL BE IN TOUCH  
WITH THE WHOLE  
NATION..WHY  
DO YOU  
HESITATE?

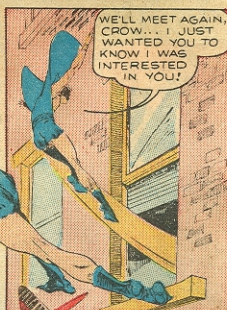
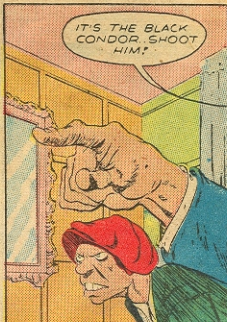
BUT..ER.  
THAT  
GIRL...  
WHO..?

OH HO! DOES SHE  
FRIGHTEN YOU? THAT'S  
WENDY, MY DAUGHTER,  
AND YOUR FIANCEE,  
TOM WRIGHT!





JASPAR CROW HAS MORE ACES UP HIS SLEEVE NOW THAT THE BILL HAS FAILED. . .



NEXT DAY THE NEW TOM WRIGHT SPEAKS VEHEMENTLY IN THE COMMITTEE MEETING

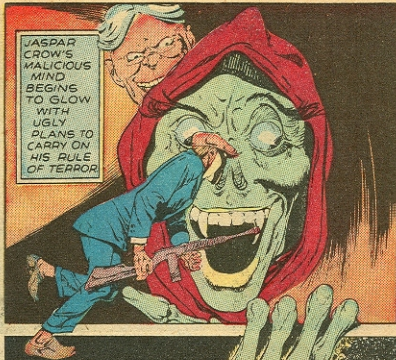


CROW'S SPIES INFORM HIM OF THE SENATOR'S DEFIANT DECISION

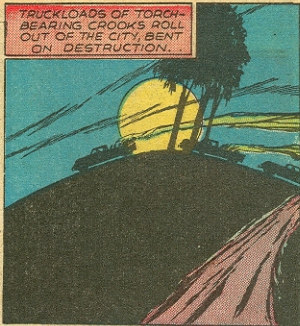




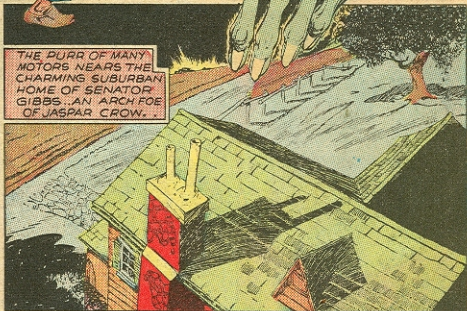
JASPAR CROW'S MALICIOUS MIND BEGINS TO GLOW WITH UGLY PLANS TO CARRY ON HIS RULE OF TERROR.



TRUCKLOADS OF TORCH-BEARING CROOKS ROLL OUT OF THE CITY, BENT ON DESTRUCTION...



THE PURR OF MANY MOTORS NEARS THE CHARMING SUBURBAN HOME OF SENATOR GIBBS... AN ARCH FOE OF JASPAR CROW...



CROW? HE JUST CALLED TO... LOOK? HE MEANS TO CARRY OUT HIS THREAT!

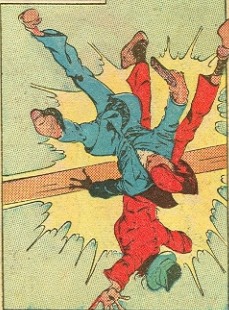
OH, MY DEAR! THEY WILL BURN US ALIVE! BUT DON'T GIVE IN TO CROW!



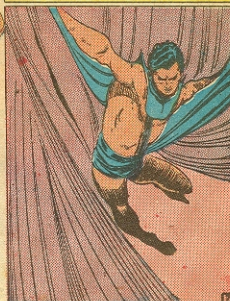
THE HELPLESS COUPLE IS TRAPPED IN THEIR HOME AS THE THUGS APPROACH...



SUDDENLY...



THE BLACK CONDOR SOARS BETWEEN HIS VICTIMS...

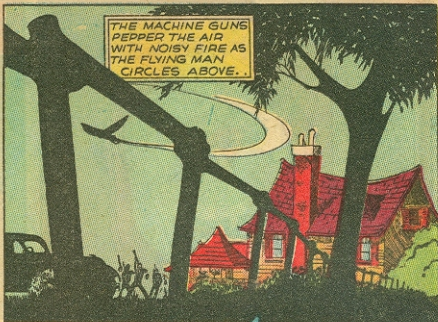




DIVING DOWN ON THE FLAMING BRANDS, HE QUENCHES THEM WITH THE BLACK RAY.



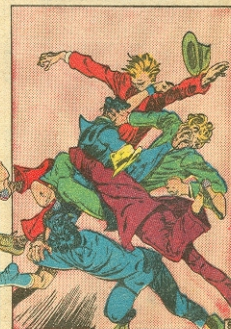
THE MACHINE GUNS PEPPER THE AIR WITH NOISY FIRE AS THE FLYING MAN CIRCLES ABOVE..



THE WINGED FIGURE PLUNGES DOWN, DROPPING LIKE A SWIFT METEORITE..



A WHIRLWIND OF ACTION, THE BLACK CONDOR WHIPS INTO THE STUNNED CROOKS.







SEIZING A TOMMY-GUN, THE BLACK CONDOR SWEEPS UP ABOVE THE TREETOPS.



I'LL GIVE THEM BACK THEIR OWN MEDICINE!



RUN, YOU MICE IN RATS' CLOTHING!



HALP!  
EEEE!



HE'S SCARED THEM AWAY!  
IT WAS THE BLACK CONDOR!



THAT'S THE WAY!  
STRETCH 'EM UP TILL THE POLICE  
COME FOR YOU!



YOU CAN CALL THE  
COPE, SENATOR GIBBS.  
SO THAT I'LL BE  
FREE TO GO AFTER  
CROW!



YOU WON'T  
GET CROW...  
HE'S GONE!  
LEFT THE  
COUNTRY..  
HE CALLED  
ME FROM THE  
MID-ATLANTIC!



DAYS LATER..

YOU KNOW, DAD,  
SINCE TOM GOT  
UP THE NERVE  
TO DEFEY CROW,  
HE'S BEEN LIKE  
A NEW MAN!



A NEW MAN, YES! WITH  
A NEW AND ARDUOUS  
TASK BEFORE ME, AND  
A NEW AND LOVELY  
FIANCEE BESIDE ME..  
SENATOR  
TOM WRIGHT!



# Molly the Model



MOLLY DON'T WANT T'SEE  
THE FIGHT, NIFTY- I'LL  
BE RIGHT IN TO GET  
READY.



TONIGHT  
HASSAN  
the ASSASSIN  
VERSUS  
DANNY  
DEEVER  
15 ROUNDS  
RINGSIDE  
ARENA

DANNY, WHO'S  
THAT TERRIBLE  
LOOKING  
CREATURE?



OH-THAT'S HASSAN  
THE ASSASSIN-  
HE'S THE BIRD  
I'M FIGHTIN'  
T'NIGHT.

HI 'YA  
HASSAN.  
HOW D'YA  
FEEL?

STRONG  
LAK' BOOL!  
I TEAR  
HIM  
APART!

BUT, DANNY-  
HE'S SUCH A  
BRUTE!  
PROMISE  
ME YOU'LL  
BE  
CAREFUL!

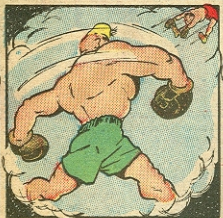
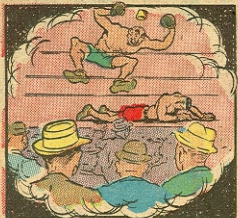
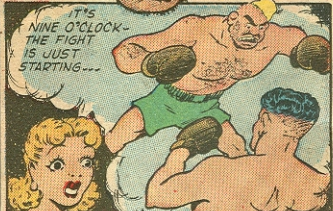


SURE, MOLLY,  
I'LL BE ALL  
RIGHT!

OH DEAR - I'M  
SO WORRIED  
ABOUT DANNY  
FIGHTING THAT  
BIG BRUISER!



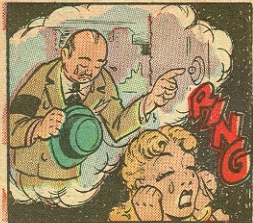
IT'S  
NINE O'CLOCK-  
THE FIGHT  
IS JUST  
STARTING---



I'M SORRY,  
NIFTY-WE DID  
EVERYTHING  
POSSIBLE  
BUT IT WAS  
TOO  
LATE



OH, DOC-  
HOW WILL I  
EVER  
TELL  
MOLLY?



HEY, MOLLY- WHY DIDN'T YOU  
ANSWER THE BELLS--- THAT  
BIG PHONEY FOLDED UP IN THE  
FIRST ROUND-  
SO I CAME  
RIGHT  
OVER..



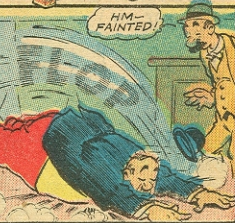
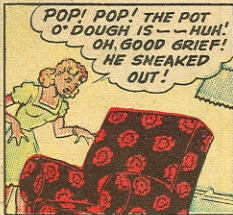
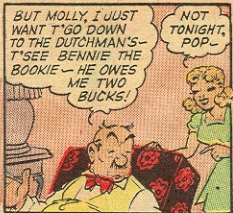
GOSH  
MOLLY,  
WHAT HAVE  
Y'BEEN  
CRYIN'  
ABOUT?



OH,  
YOU  
WOULDN'T  
UNDER-  
STAND,  
DARLING!



# MOLLY the MODEL

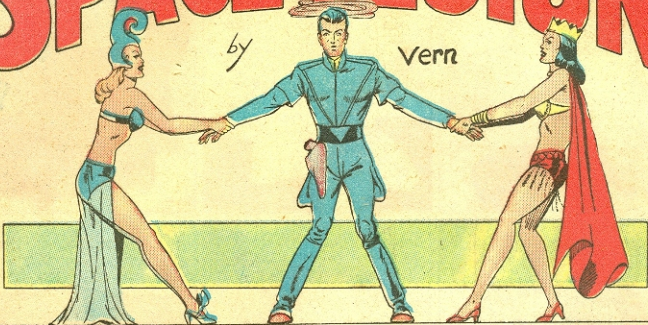




# THE SPACE LEGION

by

Vern



QUEEN LUXOR OF CYGNUS HAS HER OWN IDEAS ABOUT RACIAL TYPES...TO HER, BRUNETTES ARE THE DOMINATING PEOPLE..

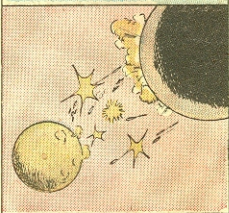


...AND ON DRACO, A NEIGHBORING PLANET, BLONDE QUEEN FEROS RISES IN BITTER OPPOSITION..

BLONDES ARE THE PURER RACE..JAIL ALL BRUNETTES ON MY PLANET!



QUEEN LUXOR RETALIATES.... SOON A PETTY QUARREL GIVES 'WAY TO A BITTER WAR...



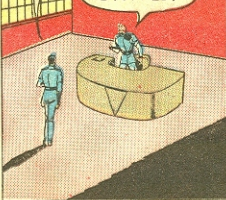
MEANWHILE..IN THE OFFICE OF LEGION COMMANDER CROSBY ON EARTH..

I'VE GOT AN UNUSUAL MISSION FOR YOU, ROCK..

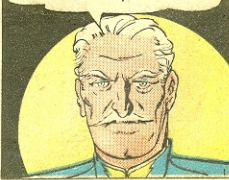


YES SIR!

THIS WAR BETWEEN DRACO AND CYGNUS HAS GOT TO BE STOPPED!



OTHER PLANETS ARE STARTING TO TAKE SIDES.. THE UNIVERSE MAY BE EMBROILED IN A BLOODY WAR! IT'S YOUR JOB, BRADDON!

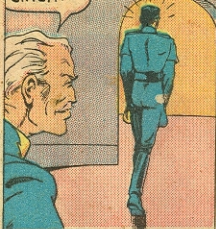




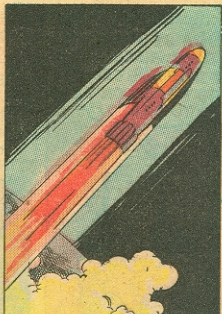
STOPPING WARS IS A LITTLE OUT OF MY LINE, SIR...BUT I'LL TRY ANYTHING ONCE!



WITH YOUR REPUTATION AS A LADY KILLER, ROCK, IT OUGHT TO BE A CINCH!



ALONE,  
ROCK  
BRADDON  
BLASTS  
OFF ON  
THE  
STRANGEST  
MISSION  
OF HIS  
CAREER..



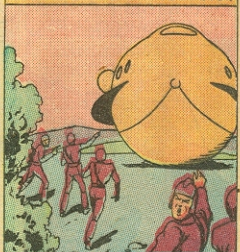
WHAT AN ASSIGNMENT THIS IS! TWO DIZZY DAMES START A WAR WITH EACH OTHER...AND I'M SUPPOSED TO STOP IT!



A FEW DAYS LATER THE FLAT TERRAIN OF CYGNUS APPEARS BENEATH ROCK'S SHIP



HE LANDS..HIS SHIP IS IMMEDIATELY SURROUNDED BY SHOUTING CYGNUSIANS..



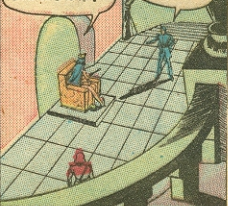
I'M CAPTAIN BRADDON OF THE SPACE LEGION.. TAKE ME TO QUEEN LUXOR, AT ONCE!



AT LUXOR'S PALACE

WHY THIS SUDDEN VISIT, CAPTAIN BRADDON?

I CAME TO END YOUR SILLY WAR!



I'M TAKING YOU TO DRACO! YOU AND QUEEN FEROS CAN SETTLE IT THERE!

WHAT?!





**NEVER!** IF THERE IS TO BE PEACE, QUEEN FEROS MUST COME TO ME! I WON'T GO TO DRACO!



**BRADDON RETURNS TO THE SOLITUDE OF HIS SHIP.**

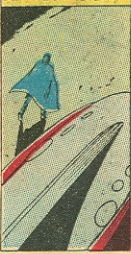
QUEEN LUXOR WON'T GO TO DRACO, AND IT'S A SURE BET FEROS WON'T COME HERE! SOMEHOW I MUST GET THEM TOGETHER!



I'VE GOT IT! A PLAN TO MAKE PEACE! FAILURE WILL MEAN MY DEATH, BUT I'LL TAKE THAT CHANCE!



**UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, ROCK LEAVES HIS SHIP**



**NEAR THE PALACE THE DARING SPACE OFFICER ENCOUNTERS A PAIR OF CYGNUSIAN SOLDIERS.**



EARTHMAN! ARREST HIM!

SORRY I CAN'T GO ALONG WITH YOU BOYS..



..BUT I'VE GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO!



**QUEEN LUXOR IS AWAKENED BY ROCK'S SUDDEN ENTRANCE**

YOU! WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

HELLO!



I'VE DECIDED YOU'RE GOING TO SETTLE YOUR DISPUTE WITH QUEEN FEROS.. EVEN IF I MUST KIDNAP YOU!





A FEW HOURS LATER..ROCK  
BLASTS IN TO A PERFECT  
LANDING ON DRACO..



KEEPING IN THE SHADOWS,  
HE WORKS HIS WAY TO  
THE GATES OF FEROS' PALACE

WOW! THE PLACE  
IS CRAWLING  
WITH GUARDS!



OH-OH! HERE  
COMES TROUBLE!  
I'LL JUST WAIT  
UNTIL..



SEEMS LIKE I'M  
STARTING A WAR  
INSTEAD OF  
STOPPING ONE!



ADDITIONAL GUARDS  
JOIN THE CHASE...

THIS PLACE  
IS GETTING  
UNHEALTHY!



I NEVER  
DID LIKE  
CROWDS!



QUEEN FEROS AND HER WAR  
CABINET ARE HOLDING A  
CONFERENCE IN THE PALACE..  
SUDDENLY..

MEETING'S  
ADJOURNED!



I'M BRADDON OF THE  
SPACE LEGION! LUXOR IS  
IN MY ROCKET SHIP OUT-  
SIDE.. YOU'RE GOING OUT  
THERE, FEROS, AND SIGN  
A PEACE TREATY  
WITH HER!





AS ROCK ATTEMPTS TO LEAVE THE PALACE A SCORE OF RAY GUNS OPEN FIRE..



YEAH? WELL, WE'RE GOING THROUGH.. SO YOU'D BETTER CALL OFF YOUR WOLVES.. BEFORE ONE OF THOSE RAY BLASTS BOUNCES OFF YOUR PRETTY LITTLE NOGGIN!



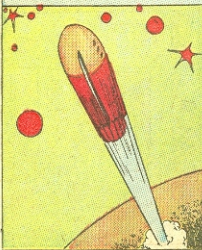
AT FEROS' ORDERS THE GUARDS ARE WITHDRAWN, AND BRADDON TAKES HER SAFELY TO HIS SHIP.



ROCK OPENS THE DOOR OF AN UNUSED SUPPLY ROOM



HIS MISSION FINISHED, ROCK TURNS HIS SHIP EARTHWARD ONCE MORE





# WIZARD WELLS

Miracle Man  
of Science

Too  
Much  
Water

by  
HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL

WELL, TUG, BACK  
TO **SCIENCE**  
ONCE MORE!  
I HOPE!

WIZARD WELLS, AMERICA'S FOREMOST  
SCIENTIST, HAS ACCIDENTALLY  
BEEN FORCED INTO THE FIELD OF  
CRIMINOLOGY, WHERE HE SOLVES  
CASES WITH SCIENCE PLUS DARING

AND THERE'S OUR DESTI-  
NATION, THE CORNER GASS  
FACTORY! THEY'RE MAKING  
MY NEW RETORTS. I WANT  
TO INSPECT THEM!

THAT'S  
BETTER  
THAN **DODG** IN  
**BULLETS**,  
WIZ!

IN A NATURAL DEPRESSION IN  
THE VALLEY, THE FACTORY STANDS.

OBSERVE THE UNIQUE  
GEOLOGICAL FORMATION, TUG!  
THIS RIVER RUNS ALONG  
THE TOP OF A  
CLIFF!

IF THAT ROCKY WALL EVER  
**BREAKS**, THAT FACTORY'S GONNA  
BE **AWFUL WET**, WIZ!

YOU'RE **RIGHT**, TUG! THE  
FACTORY WOULD BE AT THE  
**BOTTOM** OF A **SMALL LAKE**.

**BANG!**

WELLS' ROADSTER **SWERVES**,  
**CRASHES** THROUGH THE FENCE -

**HOLD HER, WIZ!**  
**SHE'S BUCKIN'!**

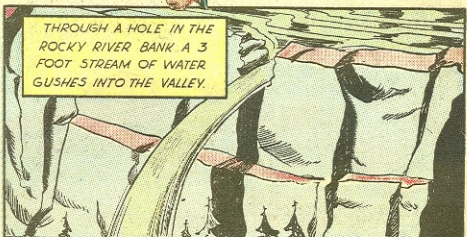
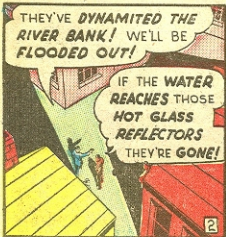
**CRASH!**

-AND STOPS ON THE  
EDGE OF A CLIFF.

ENTIRELY **TOO CLOSE**  
FOR **COMFORT!**

**INCLUDE ME  
OUT!**







LET'S **SEE** THOSE MIRRORS,  
**CORNER!**

THEY'RE ON  
THE **FIRST  
FLOOR!**

MEANWHILE THE WATER  
RISES AROUND THE FACTORY

NO **TIME** TO BUILD A  
LEVEE TO KEEP THE  
WATER OUT! GOT  
ANY DYNAMITE?  
I COULD BLAST  
OUT ONE SIDE OF  
THIS HOLLOW!

NO  
DYNAMITE,  
WELLS!

THERE'S ONE OTHER CHANCE,  
IF THERE'S ANY **BIG  
PIPE** AROUND!

**PLENTY** OF  
CLAY SEWER  
**PIPE.**

THERE'S ENOUGH **FALL!**  
GET THAT PIPE HERE  
**FAST!**

I'D **FEEL** BETTER IF I HAD  
A **GUN!** THERE'S ONE IN  
MY CAR!

NO TIME TO GET  
TO YOUR **ROAD-  
STER** NOW, **WELLS!**  
THE WATER'S  
RISING **FAST!**

AND 5 MINUTES LATER  
TRUCKS BEGIN DROPPING  
OFF SECTIONS OF HUGE PIPE

UNDER WELLS' DIRECTION IT  
IS LAID OVER THE HILL AND  
FILLED WITH WATER

WATER'S 4 FEET FROM THE  
ARMY GLASS, MR. CORNER -

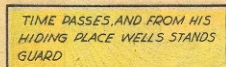
**THIS** END'S UNDER WATER!  
**UNCAP BOTH ENDS!**

MEANWHILE, THE THREATENING  
RISE OF THE WATER CONTINUES





\* A SIPHON CAN LIFT WATER OVER A 32 FOOT BARRIER

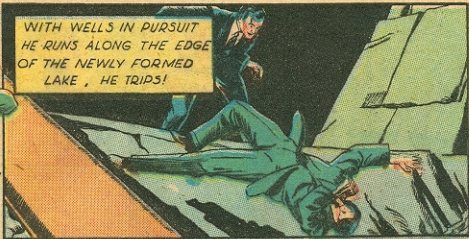




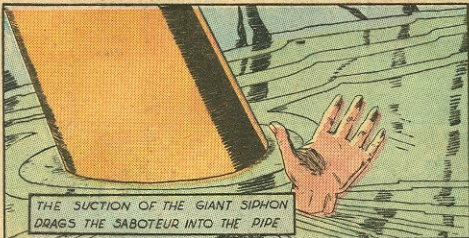
THE STONE WELLS THROWS  
KNOCKS THE GUN FROM  
THE SABOTEUR'S HAND—



WITH WELLS IN PURSUIT  
HE RUNS ALONG THE EDGE  
OF THE NEWLY FORMED  
LAKE, HE TRIPS!



THE SUCTION OF THE GIANT SIPHON  
DRAGS THE SABOTEUR INTO THE PIPE



WELLS! SHOTS! I HEARD  
THEM! WHAT HAPPENED?

YOUR SABOTEUR  
JUST TRIED TO  
SMASH THE  
SIPHON!



WHERE IS HE?

IN THAT PIPE!  
HE MAY BE ALIVE  
WHEN HE COMES  
OUT THE OTHER  
END. COME ON!



THERE HE IS!

WHO IS IT?

PORTNER!

FIVE MINUTES LATER, AT THE  
FAR END OF THE SIPHON.



PORTNER?

YES! AND HE'S  
BEYOND ANY  
POWER OF  
OURS TO  
PUNISH  
HIM!



I KNEW IT WAS PORTNER WHO  
FIRED ON MY CAR. I DIDN'T  
MENTION "ROADSTER" YET HE  
KNEW I WAS DRIVING ONE. HE  
SAW IT WHEN HE FIRED AT  
MY TIRE! THUS, HE WAS THE  
LOGICAL SUSPECT AS  
OUR SABOTEUR!

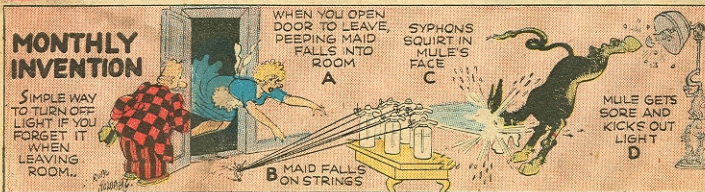
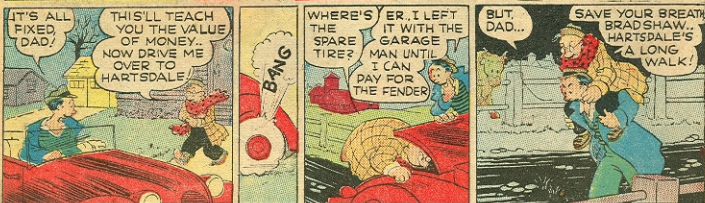
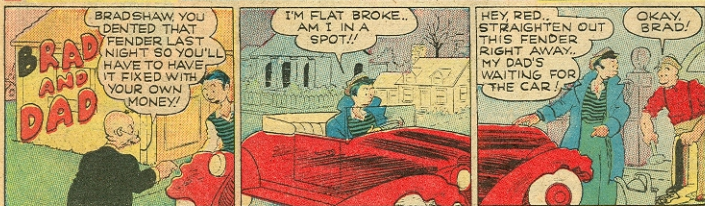
BUT  
WHY?



BECAUSE I SUSPECT  
PORTNER WASN'T HIS  
NAME! TRY SPELLING  
PORTNER BACKWARDS, AND  
YOU GET RENTROP. A NAME  
COMMON IN THE AXIS  
COUNTRIES!





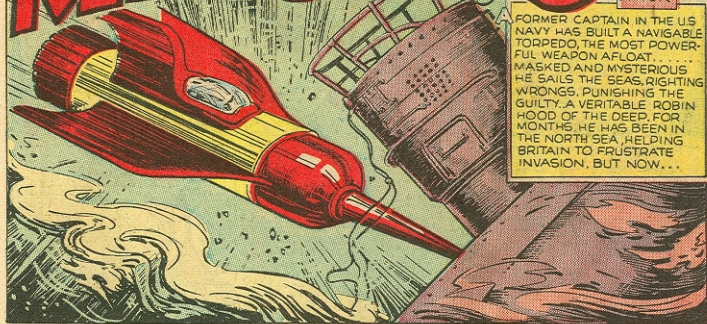




# The RED TORPEDO

By  
Drew Allen

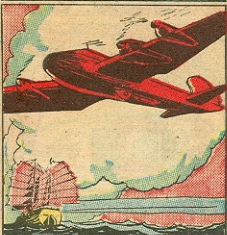
A FORMER CAPTAIN IN THE U.S. NAVY HAS BUILT A NAVIGABLE TORPEDO, THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON AFLOAT. . . . MASKED AND MYSTERIOUS HE SAILS THE SEAS, RIGHTING WRONGS, PUNISHING THE GUILTY. A VERITABLE ROBIN HOOD OF THE DEEP, FOR MONTHS, HE HAS BEEN IN THE NORTH SEA, HELPING BRITAIN TO FRUSTRATE INVASION, BUT NOW...



ONE DAY A FEW WEEKS LATER  
NEAR THE DUTCH EAST INDIES



AS THE TORPEDO WATCHES, AN  
ORIENTAL PLANE APPEARS.

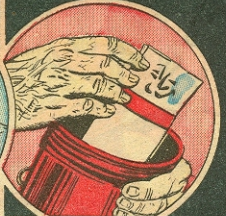


THE PLANE SWOOPS DOWN  
AND DROPS SOMETHING.

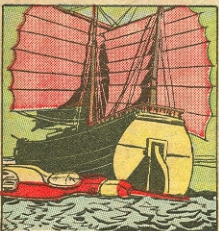




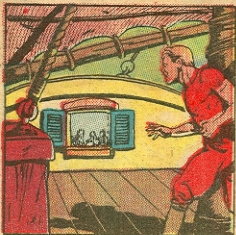
AND HERE IS WHAT THE RED TORPEDO'S GLASS REVEALS.



I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK AT THOSE PAPERS!



THEY'RE IN THE CABIN OVER THERE!



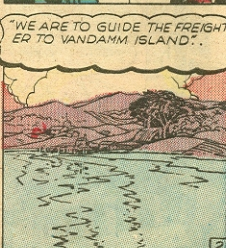
HERE ARE THE ORDERS FROM OUR LEADER! LISTEN CAREFULLY!



"A DUTCH FREIGHTER IS IN OUR HANDS, WAITING AT LATITUDE 16°..."



"BELOW ITS CAMOUFLAGED DECKS IS A COMPANY OF OUR PICKED ASSAULT TROOPS."



"WE ARE TO GUIDE THE FREIGHTER TO VANDAMM ISLAND."





IT WILL BE TOO SIMPLE! WE CAN SAIL IN UNSUSPECTED, WITH THE FREIGHTER FOLLOWING. THE GARRISON IS SMALL AND WILL EASILY BE DESTROYED!



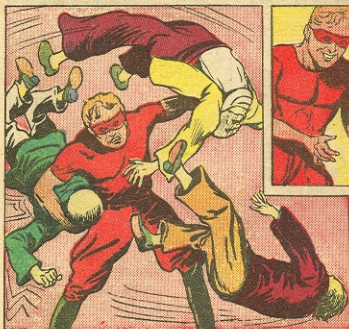
QUIETLY THE RED TORPEDO STEALS AROUND TO THE CABIN DOOR.



IT IS TIME FOR US TO START FOR OUR RENDEZVOUS WITH THE FREIGHTER!



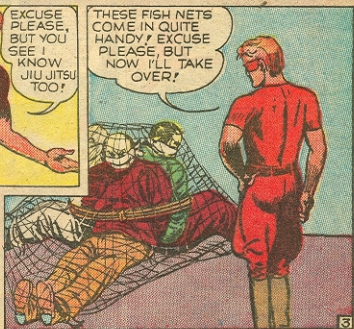
AND THEN REAL TROUBLE FOR THE LITTLE MEN BEGINS. . . .



EXCUSE PLEASE, BUT YOU SEE I KNOW JIU JITSU TOO!



THESE FISH NETS COME IN QUITE HANDY! EXCUSE PLEASE, BUT NOW I'LL TAKE OVER!





ONCE MORE IN HIS SECRETCRAFT  
THE TORPEDO STARTS TO WORK.



HE DIVES FAR BELOW THE JUNK



AND ATTACHES HIMSELF TO  
ITS HUGE KEEL.



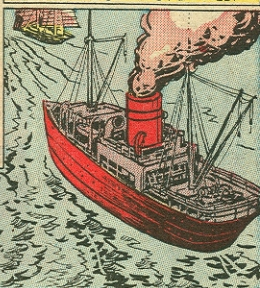
THEN HE HEADS FOR THE WAITING  
FREIGHTER.



THE MARINE-O-SCOPE  
REVEALS HIS PREY.



UNSUSPECTING, THE FREIGHTER  
FOLLOWS THE JUNK AS PLANNED.



AND SO, THE RED TORPEDO LEADS HIS FOES ASTRAY.

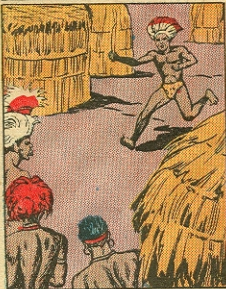




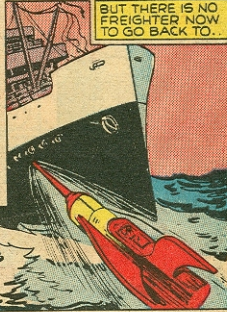
BUT THIS BEACH IS FAR FROM  
DESERTED. FIERCE EYES ARE  
WATCHING.



AND SWIFT FEET RUN TO  
AROUSE A SAVAGE PEOPLE.



WHO RUSH FORTH TO MEET  
THE HATED INVADER.



BUT THERE IS NO  
FREIGHTER NOW  
TO GO BACK TO..

THE TREACHEROUS  
ATTACK ENDS IN DISASTER...



THE TORPEDO LEAVES HIS  
CRAFT TO GIVE THE BOYS A  
FEW





# JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Hans E. Krieger

I CAUGHT THE FIRST TRAIN FOR WASHINGTON CHIEF... WHAT'S UP?

JANE, I WANT YOU TO MEET NUMBER SEVEN!

HE IS HEAD OF A VERY SECRET GOVERNMENT SERVICE... HE WANTS TO USE YOU... IT IS VERY DANGEROUS WORK.

I'M NOT AFRAID, BUT WHAT SORT OF WORK?

THE JOB IS TO STAMP OUT SPIES THAT INFEST THE CAPITOL!!

WHEN DO I START?

RIGHT NOW! YOUR NUMBER IS 38... HERE'S OUR PLAN...

A NEW GIRL?? WE'LL WATCH HER..

THE "DOCTOR" SAYS THERE'S A NEW GIRL IN CHARGE OF FILE C... HER NAME IS JANE ARDEN!

FILE C? THAT'S WHERE THE RADIO PLANE PLANS ARE... WHAT A BREAK!

SHE'S MOVING INTO THIS BUILDING... AND TAKING THE APARTMENT NEXT TO YOURS... WIRE IT BEFORE SHE MOVES IN!

THANKS

I'M MR ROBECK THE SUPER-INTENDENT... I'LL SHOW YOU YOUR APARTMENT!

THESE ROOMS ARE RENTED NOW... MR. NEWTON. I LET MR. NEWTON USE THESE ROOMS FOR A PARTY!

I WAS TIDYING UP A BIT..

IT SEEMS QUITE NICE

I DREAMT 'BOUT FISH AGAIN, SAL... LOOKS LIKE I'M SURE GOIN' T'BE RICH!

IT'S A SIGN THAT NEVER FAILS!

THEN I'M GOING T'DO LOTS OF SHOPPING... NO USE IN ME DOING WITHOUT, ANY LONGER!

I WANT TO OPEN A CHARGE ACCOUNT... GO AHEAD OPEN IT.

I'D LIKE T'SEE WHAT'S IN IT!

BUT YOU GOTTA DO IT FOR ME!

ALL RIGHT, WHAR BE IT?

LISTEN! I WANT TO BUY SOMETHIN' WITHOUT PAYIN'!

TRYIN' TO KID ME, EH?

I'LL PAY AS SOON AS I GET MY MONEY!

AN' I'LL SELL AS SOON AS I GET MINE!

## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



# JANE ARDEN

OH THAT'S ALRIGHT!

BY MURDO RUFFALO AND VINNELL E. ROSS

ERIC NEWTON  
A FOREIGN  
SECRET  
AGENT WAS  
WIRING JANE'S  
NEW APART-  
MENT WHEN  
SHE ARRIVED.



THIS APARTMENT  
WAS VERY  
CONVENIENT  
FOR PARTIES.  
SORRY I  
INTRUDED.



A FINE  
LAD, MISS  
ARDEN.

HE  
SEEMED  
NICE!



BUT  
WHAT WAS  
HE DOING  
HERE?  
DID HE TELL  
ME THE  
REAL  
REASON?



A  
DICTOGRAPH  
FROM HIS  
APART-  
MENT!



I'VE GOT  
A PLAN THAT  
WILL FOOL HIM!



THIS IS  
JANE ARDEN.  
YES, I  
BROUGHT  
THE PAPERS  
HOME..



DON'T  
WORRY,  
THEY'RE  
UNDER  
THE  
MATTRESS!



WHAT PAPERS? OH I  
GET IT.. YES, THOSE  
PAPERS HAD ME  
WORRIED!



SLAM!

NOW TO  
GIVE  
HIM A  
CHANCE TO  
HUNT  
FOR THOSE  
PAPERS!



UNDER  
THE  
MATTRESS  
EH?



THE  
GIRL'S  
EITHER  
A FOOL  
OR..



LOOKING  
FOR  
SOME-  
THING, MR  
NEWTON?



I NEVER HEARD OF A STORE MEANS HAVIN' NO ON TH' CUFF! SHE'S OF A STORE MEANS HAVIN' NO ON TH' CUFF!



HECK! ONLY ONE WHO DID THAT WAS UNCLE BEN! I'M NOT UNCLE BEN!



BEN HIMSELF WUZ SO TIGHT THET HIS CHICKENS LAID EGGS WIF I.O.U. ON TH' SHELLS!



DO I GET LISTEN, HEN-CREDIT HUSSY... OR DON'T I?

JEST A  
MINUTE  
LEM...



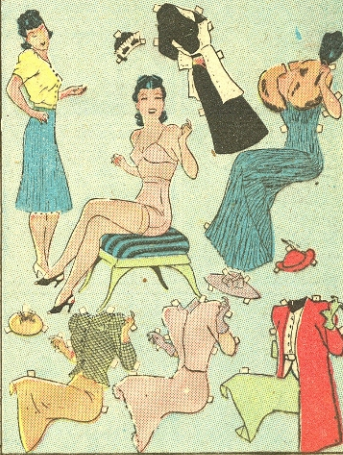
DIN'T YE HEAR, LENA'S DREAMT 'BOUT FISH! HOW WUZ I T'KNOW FISH?



BUY ANYTHING YE WANT, LENA.. (AHEM!!)

YE KIN PAY WHEN YE GIT YER FORTUNE!

## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE





# JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Bill E. Ross

WILL YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN YOUR SEARCHING MY ROOM, MR. NEWTON!

ER, YOU'RE IN CHARGE OF FILE C... YOU BROUGHT IT HOME AGAINST ORDERS!

HOW'D YOU KNOW THAT?

I'M AN AGENT FROM YOUR OFFICE. WERE THEY THE RADIO PLANE PLANS?

I ONLY BROUGHT HOME THIS CORRESPONDENCE FILE TO WORK ON!

OH ER... CORRESPONDENCE... I SEE

I THOUGHT I WAS TRUSTED. INSTEAD I AM FOLLOWED AND WATCHED BY MY OWN OFFICE

I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T INTEND FOR YOU TO KNOW. BUT REMEMBER, I'M GUARDING YOU TOO!

GUARDING ME? WHY?

ENEMY AGENTS WOULD PAY A FORTUNE FOR FILE C!

IF THAT DON'T WORK THEY MIGHT TRY VIOLENCE

WE PLAY A FOOL'S GAME!

THE SECRET WE GUARD CAN EARN US OUR FORTUNE OR COST US OUR LIVES!

SO YOUR JOB IS TO SEE THAT I DON'T SELL THE PLANS

..AND TO PROTECT YOU... I'LL ALWAYS BE NEAR!

THANKS IT'S A GOOD THING TO KNOW!

I AIN'T THROUGH YET, BUT WE CAN'T CARRY ANYMORE!

I'LL GET SOME KIDS TOTE YER BUNDLES!

ALRIGHT THEN, GIVE ME 'BOUT A BUSHEL OF THEM GUM DROPS, MONEY

JIST LIKE RICH FOLKS THROWIN' AWAY

HUSH YER MOUTH, I'M A-A-MIN' T'HELP EAT THIS GRUB!

AN' PEANUTS.. I WANT 'BOUT A PECK OF THEM.. AN..

HOL' ON THAR...

HAVE A RUN OUT OF CREDIT!

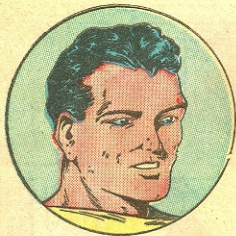
(NAW.. I JIST RUN OUTTA KIDS!!)

## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE









# Alias the SPIDER

BY PAUL GUSTAVSON

BARON KARLVON ERNST, ESCAPING FROM THE GERMAN GESTAPO, REACHES AMERICA, WHERE HE IS NOW IN CONFERENCE WITH HIS LAWYER..



YES, SHILLER, MY ENTIRE FORTUNE IS GONE!



ALL I HAVE LEFT IS THE COLLECTION OF JEWELS I MANAGED TO ESCAPE WITH! THEY'RE IN A SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT IN THE BANK ACROSS THE STREET!



THEY'RE WORTH SEVERAL MILLIONS AND I WANT YOU TO DISPOSE OF THEM!



A PACKAGE JUST ARRIVED FOR YOU, SIR!

THANK YOU, ROGER!



CAREFUL... IT MIGHT BE A ...

HO, HO! THE GESTAPO WANTS ME ALIVE... NOT DEAD! OTHERWISE THEY WOULD HAVE DONE AWAY WITH ME LONG AGO!



PLEASANT DREAMS, BARON!



YEAH, COMMISSIONER.. BOTH OF 'EM BLOWN TO BITS! YEAH.. YEAH.. NOT A CLUE! SURE, I KNOW WHO IT WAS.. THEY'VE FOLLOWED HIM OVER THE WORLD.. SURE.. BUT PROVING IT IS ANOTHER THING!



PACK UP, BOYS. THIS IS A CASE FOR THE ESPIONAGE AGENTS!



B-16 SPEAKING.. EVERYTHING HAS BEEN TAKEN CARE OF...

THAT NIGHT THE SINISTER FIGURE OF THE SPIDER CREEPS CAUTIOUSLY ON THE ROOFTOP OF THE OLD MANSION IN WHICH VONERNST WAS KILLED..



ATTA BOY, OFFICER... TAKE A WALK AROUND THE CORNER!



SO, THERE WASN'T A SINGLE CLUE IN THE HOUSE, EH? WE'LL SEE!



WHAT A BREAK! THIS WINDOW IS OPEN!



I'M GLAD I GOT THROUGH THERE UNHEARD!



OH OH.. A POLICEMAN ON DUTY!



HOPE YOU WON'T MIND SLEEPING IN A CLOSET TONIGHT!



UNKNOWN TO THE SPIDER, THE BUTLER IS ATTRACTED BY THE RUMPUS IN THE HALL...



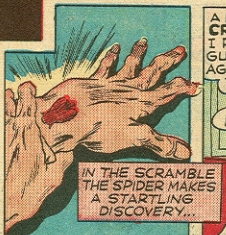
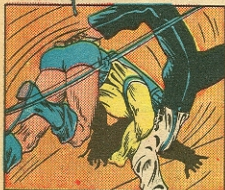
SO.. SOMEONE IS IN THE ROOM WHERE VONERNST WAS KILLED!



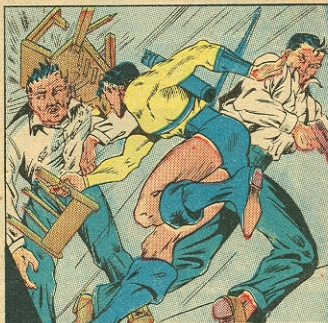
RAISE YOUR HANDS..AND REMAIN WHERE YOU ARE!



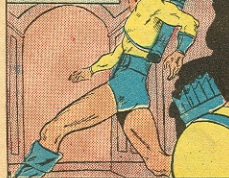




THE GLITTERING KNIFE STRIKES  
A SHADOWY FORM HOLDING  
A BOW, BUT...



THE TRAIL OF THE FLEEING  
CRICKET LEADS THE SPIDER  
TO A DEAD-END  
HALLWAY...











# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY S. W. DEWEY

I'M SORRY,  
BUT WE CAN'T—

PERSONAL  
SERVICE  
BUREAU

CORRECTION—  
WE CAN! WE'LL  
HAVE ONE OF  
THEM FOR  
YOU, SIR!

NED, YOU KNOW WE'D  
NEVER BE ABLE TO  
SUPPLY A CIGAR  
STORE INDIAN!

BUD, I  
BELIEVE I'VE  
GOT AN  
IDEA!

WHY NOT USE  
A REAL INDIAN,  
WOLF, FOR  
EXAMPLE?

OF ALL THE—  
SAY! YOU  
REALLY DID  
HAVE AN  
IDEA!

SAY  
YOU'RE JAKE,  
CARTER COLLEGE  
TRAINER, AREN'T  
YOU?

RIGHT, STRANGER,  
THAT'S ME FROM  
HEAD TO FOOT

I KEEP  
THE BOYS  
IN SHAPE  
FOR THEIR  
TOUGH GAMES

YES, I'VE  
CLB-BFURG-HRLB!

YES SIR—  
IF THE  
TRUTH WERE  
KNOWN, THE  
CREDIT FOR  
MANY A VICTORY  
MIGHT WELL  
GO TO ME

IS  
THAT SO?

KEEP  
A GOOD  
LEVEL  
HEAD AT  
ALL TIMES,  
I SAY

YOU'RE  
ABSOLUTELY  
FLB-B-CLUB-  
PFLUG!!

MAYBE THIS WILL  
LEVEL THAT THICK  
HEAD OF YOURS  
OFF A BIT!

HEY—  
WHAT?

WHAT  
ARE YOU—  
A MANIAC?

WHY—  
YOU!

NOW BE MOVING ON,  
THE BOTH OF YOU, BEFORE  
I RUN YOU IN FOR DISTURBING  
THE PEACE!

# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. W. DEFEW

WHAT A DAY!  
LET'S DRESS  
AND TAKE  
A WALK

GOOD IDEA, NED—  
COME ON, JAKE—LET'S  
HUNT UP SOME  
EXCITEMENT!

I FEEL AS STRONG AS A BULL!  
REMINOS ME OF MY OLD  
FIGHTING DAYS!

THEY TELL ME  
YOU COULDN'T LICK  
THE FLAP OF AN  
ENVELOPE, JAKE

WELL, HERE COMES GAIL DONALDSON—  
YOU GUYS  
GO ON  
AHEAD

KEEP HER  
BACK QUITE A  
DISTANCE, NED—  
HAVE A PLAN

IF THIS IS A HUNGER  
MARCH, I'LL JOIN  
IT—I'M STARVED!

I'LL STOP AND  
GET YOU A LOAF  
OF BREAD—BUT  
FIRST LET'S SEE  
WHAT BUD HAS  
UP HIS SLEEVE

I WON 76  
CONSECUTIVE  
FIGHTS—75 BY  
KNOCKOUTS

BUT  
THOSE DAYS  
ARE GONE—  
RIGHT NOW  
YOU'RE ALL  
WASHED UP LIKE  
THE BREAKFAST  
DISHES

I'M AS GOOD AS EVER!  
I FEEL LIKE A TOUGH  
FIGHT RIGHT  
NOW!

SO YOU  
FEEL LIKE  
A FIGHT,  
EH?

SAY, IF WE DON'T EAT  
PRETTY SOON, I'M GOING  
TO START KNOCKING  
AT BACK DOORS

BUD JUST  
GAVE ME THE  
HIGH SIGN—HE'S  
UP TO SOMETHING

LISTEN—YOU'VE GOT THE UGLIEST  
MUG I'VE SEEN FOR MANY A DAY—  
AND I'VE SEEN SOME HORRIBLE  
MAPS IN MY TIME!

WHY—YOU—  
YOU!

THERE  
YOU ARE,  
JAKE!

HE'S A MENTAL  
CASE—IM HIS  
DOCTOR—PAY  
NO ATTENTION  
TO HIM!

IT'S A  
LUCKY THING  
FOR YOU,  
PUMPKIN PUSS!

AND LET  
THIS BE A  
LESSON  
TO YOU!

SAY, YOU'RE ALL  
RIGHT, PAL!

YOU  
SURE TOLD  
HIM OFF,  
JAKE!



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEFEW

BEAT CARTER!

BEAT CARTER!!  
BEAT CARTER!!!

COME ON, BUXTON!

IT'S BUXTON LEADING 24 TO 21 IN THE CLOSING SECONDS OF PLAY—CARTER GETS THE TIPOFF—IT'S BRANT TO BLUDGEON—TO BRANT—TO—SHEKELS—HE DRIBBLES IN FAST—HE SHOTS—HE SCORES!

STAT KX!

IN YOU GO—AND HURRY! CALL TIME OUT AND WARN THE MEN ABOUT THE PLAY I JUST DESCRIBED!

WE'LL BREAK IT UP, COACH!

CARTER GOES INTO A SORT OF FOOTBALL FORMATION—THEN BRANT PASSES WAY BACK TO SHEKELS WHO SHOTS THE BALL THE FULL LENGTH OF THE COURT TO BRANT, WHO HAS FADED DOWN THERE UNNOTICED

HERE IT COMES!

SAME PLAY THEY USED AGAINST TAMARACK!

I'LL TAKE SHEKELS—YOU TAKE BRANT!

HERE'S WHERE HE PASSES TO SHEKELS!

STICK TO BRANT'S HEELS—EVEN IF HE GOES TO THE MOVIES!

NOT VERY SMART OF CARTER TO TRY A PLAY THAT HAS BEEN SCOUTED BY BUXTON AND EVERY BIG EIGHT SCHOOL!

LOOK! IT ISN'T THE SAME PLAY—COACH BRANT HAS FOOLED EVERYONE BY ADDING A NEW TWIST TO IT!

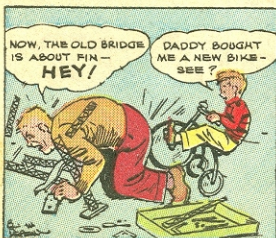
TO EVERYONE'S AMAZEMENT, PARTICULARLY THE BUXTON PLAYERS, NED BRANT INSTEAD OF PASSING BACK TO SHEKELS, TAKES A LONG SHOT AT THE BASKET AS THREE TEAMMATES IN FRONT OF HIM DROP PLAY ON THEIR STOMACHS—

READY FOR THE CARTER STORY? OKAY—HERE IT IS—EXECUTING ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL PLAYS EVER SEEN IN BASKETBALL CARTER COLLEGE SNATCHED A 25 TO 24 GAME FROM BUXTON IN THE LAST TWO SECONDS OF PLAY

# NED BRANT

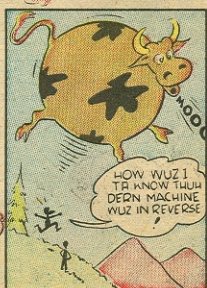
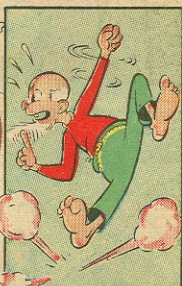
By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY S. W. DEPEW





# SLAP HAPPY PAPPY



# MADAM FATAL



FROM OUT OF THE PAST A GROTESQUE FIGURE STRIKES TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF TWO YOUNG PEOPLE... AND MADAM FATAL PITCHES INTO A BATTLE TO THE FINISH!!...



AT THE HOME OF RICHARD STANTON WHO PLAYS THE ROLE OF MADAM FATAL.



YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME, DICK! HERE—WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS? IT'S GOT MY WIFE WORRIED SICK!



SO YOU GOT THIS IN THE MAIL, EH?



WHY—IT LOOKS LIKE A CHILD'S DRAWING, TOM!

RIGHT, DICK! BUT WHEN NAN SAW IT SHE TURNED WHITE AS A SHEET! THERE'S SOMETHING SINISTER ABOUT IT!



NEXT DAY

DICK! LOOK! TWO MORE OF THOSE FOOLISH DRAWINGS! ONE WAS NAILED TO THE FRONT DOOR AND THE OTHER THROWN IN THE WINDOW... THEY'RE DRIVING ME BATTY!



WELL—I CAN'T GO TO THE POLICE...THEY'D PUT ME IN A STRAIGHT-JACKET.... NAN'S IN DANGER! I'M SURE OF IT NOW.... BUT WHY??

AND SHE WON'T TALK....



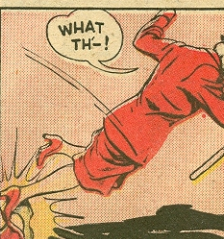
SINCE SHE WON'T GIVE YOU ANY INFORMATION, I'M GOING TO TRY SOMETHING...HOPE IT WORKS!

THANKS DICK!



THAT NIGHT STANTON DONS HIS DISGUISE OF MADAM FATAL.....















# HOW TO TRAP A WARDEN

By Larry Spain

"Help! Help!"

The man's voice, couched in agonized tempo, reached Eric Vale's ears. There was no wind, and in the dense forest trying to figure the direction from which the appeal came was difficult. Eric stood for a moment, pondering. Then he struck out.

Ten minutes of silent progress through the giant pines brought him to the small, turbulent stream that boiled down from the mountains to the north. He paused on the bank, mentally picturing the fat, eager trout lurking in those cold depths. Then a sound thudded into his ears, a man's harsh voice with a foreign pitch.

Eric hurried ahead. Whatever the altercation, someone was getting the worst of it. Of course, Eric reasoned, this was none of his business. He was up here in the Nova Scotia wilds getting in a couple weeks' deer hunting. It was seldom that he took time off for a vacation. His services were so in demand the world over solving dark intrigues and darker crimes.

"Oh, well," he muttered, "can't do any harm taking a look."

He stepped out into a small clearing and the whole tableau burst upon his vision. An old man lay on his back at the base of a tree. Standing a few paces off was a burley fellow clad in the uniform of a Dominion game warden. Labreau. Eric recognized him from the details he'd picked up here and there. A bad one, Labreau.

"Hello," called Eric. Labreau dropped his right hand. He had been examining his bruised knuckles. The old man had a deep cut over one eye where Labreau had connected with him.

"W'at you want?" demanded the Frenchie gruffly.

"I heard a man yelling for help. What's the trouble?"

"None o' yo' business."

Eric smiled tolerantly and walked over to the injured man. "You hurt?" he asked, kneeling down and examining the cut. It was a bad one and blood welled from it. Eric went to the stream and soaked his handkerchief in water. Then he returned and, with the help of materials from his first-aid kit, did a creditable job of bandaging.

"Feel better?"

The old man grinned wryly. "Ain't nothin', son. I'll be all right." He got to his feet and started off. He halted at the edge of the timber. "Guess mebbe I'll be meetin' up with him again." He turned then and vanished in the trees.

Labreau grinned evilly. "Crazy ole man. Him shootin' quail outa season. I got my duty to p'form."

"Does that mean you have to slug people?"

Labreau grunted. "He got tough wit' me."

"So I see," said Eric. "By the way, when does the deer season end?"

"Fi' days."

"I'll have to hurry," Eric said breezily. "Haven't seen even a

doe since I've been up here." He moved off under the trees, leaving Labreau scowling after him.

A few days later, Eric stopped at one of the Mounted Police posts and had a chat with Inspector MacReigh. He mentioned having met Labreau.

The inspector growled. "Yeah, we've been trying to get something on him. Labreau is something of an enigma in these parts."

"You mean," Eric began, "that he . . ."

"We haven't anything on him," the inspector replied. "But we have reason to believe that he's robbing traplines . . . Of course, we've never got a line



on him, but we're keeping our eyes open."

Eric nodded. "When does the trapping season open?"

"Only a few days yet. Why are you . . ."

"No, no," laughed Eric. "You see, I'm on vacation this time, Inspector. No jobs."

"Of course," the inspector smiled. "But I'd wager a fiver you'd forget all about vacation if something exciting developed."

When Eric Vale left the M. P. post, he struck out for the muskeg forty miles to the north and east. There, Inspector MacReigh had told him, he'd find plenty of deer. Well, that's what he'd come up here for. He amused

himself as he trudged northward on what the inspector had told him about Labreau.

Tomorrow he'd arrive at Gateau's Landing, where he'd hire a canoe for the rest of the trek. After that . . .

"Hello!" muttered Eric suddenly. A shadowy figure burst from a clump of pines fifty yards off and darted into a trail leading to the left.

Eric halted with one foot poised. Labreau! He hadn't seen Eric evidently. What was his game? Why the crafty movements? Eric followed the man quietly, determined to find out what the game warden was up to.

He soon found out. A short walk brought Eric to a clearing in the woods, in the center of which stood a log and shake cabin. Some trapper's quarters, of course. But what was Labreau up to? The Frenchie had slipped around the cabin and was hurrying down the slope that led to a small stream in the rear. Eric followed, treading softly on the mat of pine needles.

Labreau was bending over something near the edge of the water. He spent only a few moments, then he went on downstream. Concealing branches had prevented Eric from seeing just what had occasioned Labreau's halt, but he had a good guess. When the warden was out of sight, Eric investigated. He found a trap with a bit of blood and fur clinging to the jaws. The story was plain: Labreau had stolen some animal and re-set the trap.

"Thoughtful of the rascal," Eric said to himself. "Well, this is something tangible to report to the M. P. The only trouble is, I won't be able to back up his guilt . . ."

For three days Eric hunted in the muskeg and bagged a fine buck. He hired an Indian to tote his catch to the railhead, and left for the south. A mile below Gateau's Landing, as he strode along a wooded trail, he heard a commotion up ahead.

"Labreau again! I wonder what he's up to this time?"

He heard a woman's voice mingled with that of an older man. He hastened forward. As he drew nearer the sounds he was careful to keep himself hidden. From the vantage of some heavy caribou weeds he



watched. A canoe was drawn up half out of the water of a stream. Bending over it was Labreau. He was cursing.

Up on the bank a tall, rangy man and a young girl were watching angrily.

"I tell you that buck was not shot after dark," the old man was saying. "If you can find a spotlight in my gear I'll eat it!"

"Ya," snarled Labreau. He picked up the head of the buck and pointed to the hole exactly between its eyes. "So you say. I not b'lieve. Yo' not shoot dat

buck at two hun'nd yards in head lak dat—not in daytime. Too much tree. Buck on'y face yo' wen light hits eyes."

The girl's eyes blazed. "Listen, Mr. Warden," she said sarcastically, "the fact of the matter is, my father didn't shoot the buck. I did. At eight o'clock this morning."

Labreau turned, grinning his devilish. "Yo' shoot heem! Hah! Dat's a laugh . . . yo' shoot heem!"

"Yes?" returned the girl. "Well, maybe you'd like to have me prove I can shoot."

Labreau slapped his thigh. "Sure. I tell yo'." He walked to a tree some hundred and fifty yards distant and stuck his wrist watch up on the rough bark. "Mebbe yo' can hit dat, no?" he taunted.

"Easy," replied the girl. Picking up her rifle, she took a snap aim and fired. The watch flew into pieces and dropped to the ground. Labreau let out a groan.

"You see," the girl's father said, "my daughter wasn't kidding. She shot the buck, all right. And for your information, Mr. Warden, my girl's champion shot of the Winslow Arms Co."

Eric Vale chuckled and headed for the M. P. post and a chat with Inspector MacReigh. A day later he and a mounted policeman caught Labreau robbing a trap on the Rat River. It was the easiest job he had ever tackled, and it did him good to end the career of a man so low as to strike an old fellow; and, under the guise of his sworn duty, rob trappers of their rich catch.

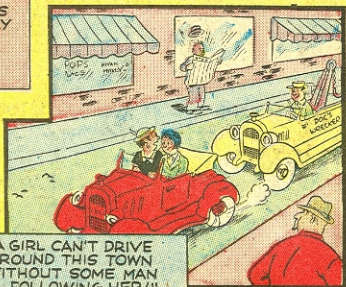
ANOTHER ERIC VALE ADVENTURE  
**WHILE ROME BURNS**  
IN THE APRIL ISSUE OF  
**CRACK COMICS**  
ON SALE FEBRUARY 28<sup>TH</sup>



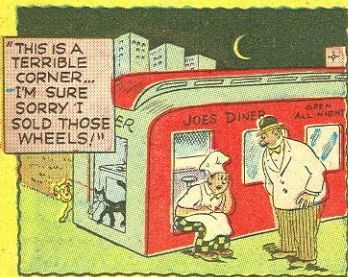
# OFF THE RECORD *By ED REED,*



"WELL, IT'S SATURDAY NIGHT, AIN'T IT?"



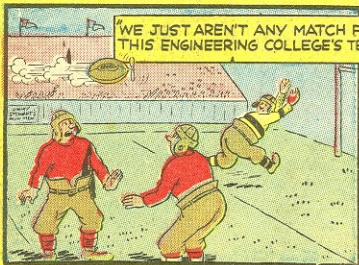
"A GIRL CAN'T DRIVE AROUND THIS TOWN WITHOUT SOME MAN FOLLOWING HER!"



"THIS IS A TERRIBLE CORNER... I'M SURE SORRY I SOLD THOSE WHEELS!"



"WELL, I SEE YOU'RE STILL ON RELIEF!"



"WE JUST AREN'T ANY MATCH FOR THIS ENGINEERING COLLEGE'S TEAM!"



"HAVE YOU SEEN MY BETTER HALF?"



**SABOTAGE!** A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION—AND ANOTHER MUNITIONS FACTORY IS WIRED OUT.

TOR, WHO IS REALLY JIMMY SLADE THE PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER, WATCHES FOR AN INCIDENT REPORTED AT OTHER EXPLOSIONS.

STRANGE FIGURES DRAG PLUNDER FROM THE SMOULDERING RUINS AND FLEE!

TOR CHASES A SUSPICIOUS CAR LEAVING THE CONFLAGRATION. SUDDENLY THE CAR STOPS.



A MAGICAL GESTURE BY TOR RENDERS USELESS THE GUNS POINTED AT HIM!



BEHIND THIS FAKE ROBBERY LIES A DEEPER MYSTERY WHICH TOR MUST SOLVE...





TOR QUIETLY ENTERS THE DUMONT MANSION...



AND GOES TO THE MILLION-AIRE'S PRIVATE STUDY -



UNSEEN HANDS LOCK THE DOOR BEHIND THE MAGICIAN...TOR IS TRAPPED!



AT THE RING OF DUMONT'S TELEPHONE, TOR REALIZES HE IS TO HEAR FROM THE MASTER-MIND WHO TRAPPED HIM...



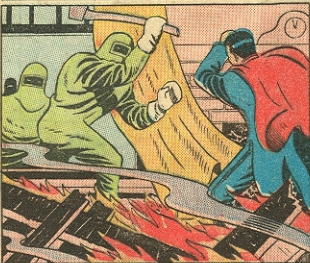
AS POLEKAT SPEAKS, FLAMES BURST FROM THE MANSION!



AS HE TRIES TO ESCAPE BY THE WINDOW...



TOR COMES FACE TO FACE WITH POLEKAT'S MEN - THE SAME WEIRD FIGURES SEEN AT THE MUNITIONS EXPLOSIONS !!



GLARING AT THEM WITH HYPNOTIC EYES THE MAGICIAN QUICKLY CONTROLS THEIR MINDS !



YOU FIENDS - TELL YOUR MASTER THAT I DIED IN THE FLAMES !

AND AS THE HOUSE GOES UP IN SMOKE, TOR DISAPPEARS -



C'MON BOYS, WE GOTTA TELL POLEKAT TOR'S DEAD !



WHILE IN AN ALTAMONT HOTEL, LUCY RECEIVES AN UNEXPECTED CALLER -

MISS LUCY STONE ? I'M SCHNEIDER POLEKAT. IF YOU'LL COME WITH ME I'LL GIVE YOU A STORY FOR YOUR PAPER - ABOUT THE TRIGGER COMPANY !



YOUR NEWSRAG HAS BEEN TOO NOSEY ABOUT THE EXPLOSIONS - I FOLLOWED YOU HERE MYSELF !

NO NOISE, SISTER - GET IN !



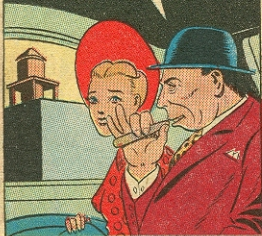
POLEKAT DRIVES HIS CAPTIVE THROUGH THE MUNITIONS PLANT

...THE FIRE WILL START IN THE WAREHOUSE, BURN THE FREIGHT STATION AND EXPLODE THE WHOLE SHEBANG !





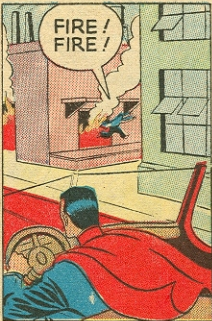
THE WATER TANK IS FILLED WITH OIL - THE SPRINKLER SYSTEM WILL SPEED THE FIRE!



TOR ARRIVES IN ALAMONT TO FIND A FIRE ALREADY UNDER WAY



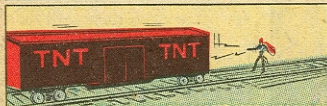
FIRE!  
FIRE!



THE OIL-FILLED WATER TANK CRASHES DOWN GALLONS OF FUEL FOR THE HUNGRY FLAMES!



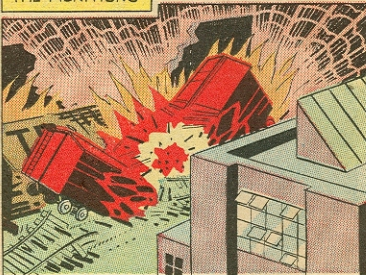
FINDING A FREIGHT CAR FULL OF T.N.T TOR COAXES IT UP TOWARD HIM -



GAINING MOMENTUM THE CAR SPEEDS FOR THE BURNING STATION!



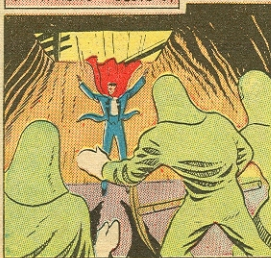
ROLLING INTO THE FIRE THE T.N.T. CAR BLASTS THE STATION, HURLING THE FLAMES BACK FROM THE MUNITIONS -



TOR DIVES INTO THE OPEN FOUNDATIONS OF THE FREIGHT STATION -



AND MEETS POLEKAT'S MEN WAITING TO DO THEIR GHOULISH JOB. TOR RENDERS THEM HELPLESS BY A HYPNOTIC GESTURE!

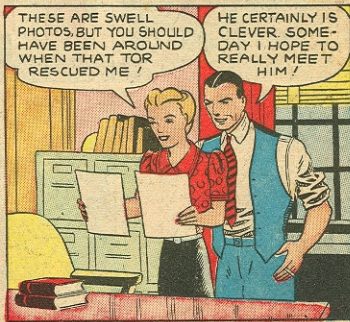
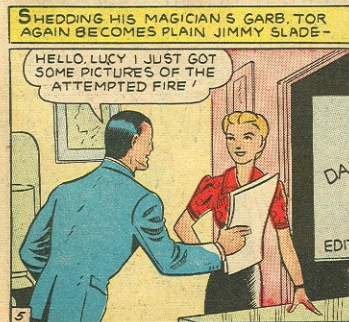


WHOEVER HE WAS HE SURE FIXED THESE GUYS!

THERE HE GOES - BY THE STOREHOUSE!

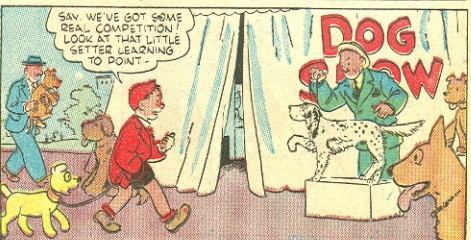


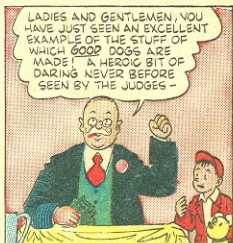
SOON THE POLICE ARRIVE





# SNAPPY







# THE CLOCK

A STALWART CITIZEN  
FACES A BROW-BEATING  
THAT ALMOST ENDS HIS  
LIFE -- BUT HE IS SAVED  
BY THE QUICK-THINKING,  
HARD-FIGHTING CLOCK  
AND HIS ASSISTANT,  
PUG BRADY---

by  
**GEORGE  
E.  
BRENNER**



IN THE HOME OF BRIAN  
O'BRIEN - ALIAS **THE CLOCK**



MEANWHILE IN THE WATER-FRONT HIDE-OUT OF PIGGY DORN-

HOW DOES IT FEEL TA BE FREE, PIGGY?

GREAT!-

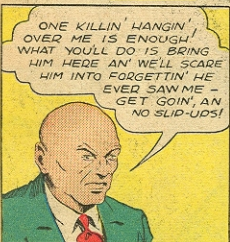


BUT I WON'T BE FREE LONG IF THAT MUG TWEED SINGS TA TH' LAW!

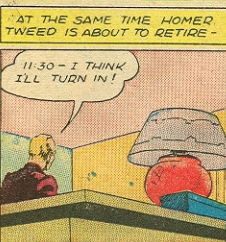


THAT'S RIGHT, WE BETTER RUB HIM OUT!

NO, YA FOOL-



ONE KILLIN' HANGIN' OVER ME IS ENOUGH! WHAT YOU'LL DO IS BRING HIM HERE AN' WE'LL SCARE HIM INTO FORGETTIN' HE EVER SAW ME - GET GOIN', AN NO SLIP-UPS!



AT THE SAME TIME HOMER TWEED IS ABOUT TO RETIRE -

11:30 - I THINK I'LL TURN IN!



WHEN SUDDENLY--

STICK 'EM UP, GUY - AN' NO SQUAWKS!



W-WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

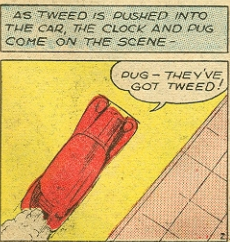
NEVER MIND, COME QUIET AN' VA WON'T GET HURT!



I KNOW - YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE ME FOR A RIDE TO KEEP ME FROM TESTIFYING AGAINST DORN!



SHUT UP! WALK OUT TO TH' CAR - AN' NO TRICKS!



DUG - THEY'VE GOT TWEED!



WE'RE TOO LATE!

LET'S ODN FIRE ON THEM, WE CAN SAVE HIM!



NO, DUG - FOLLOW THEM!



THE CHASE LEADS TO THE WATERFRONT -

THEY'RE STOPPING, BOSS!

WE GOT HIM, BOYS - YOU GUYS STAND GUARD!

OKAY!

WE'VE GOT TO APPROACH FROM ANOTHER SIDE, PUG, THERE'S TOO MANY GUARDS, AND ANY RUMDUS WOULD MEAN A QUICK ENDING FOR TWEED!

WHAT'LL WE DO?

CLIMB UP ON THE ROOF!

AND INSIDE THE HIDE-OUT -

HELLO, TWEED!

DORN!!

I SEE YOU CAN IDENTIFY ME EASILY!

YES-I CAN!

WELL, IF YOU JUST FORGET WHAT I LOOK LIKE AN' TELL TH' JURY IT'S A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY, THIS 5 GRAND IS YOURS AN' NOTHIN'LL HAPPEN TO YA!

YOU MEAN YOU WANT ME TO LIE!

WELL--- YES!

I WON'T DO IT! I'M ONE MAN YOUR FILTHY MONEY CAN'T BUY-

IT'S MY DUTY AS A CITIZEN TO HELP PUT YOU BEHIND BARS-AND NOTHING YOU DO OR SAY WILL CHANGE MY MIND!

I THINK HE MEANS IT, BOYS- OPEN UP TH' TRAP!

MEANWHILE UP ON THE ROOF - -

GEE, BOSS- THAT TWEED GUY'S GOT NERVE!

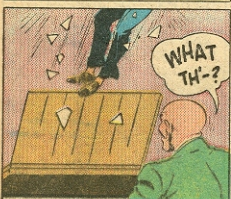
YES, IF THERE WERE MORE CITIZENS LIKE HIM, THERE'D BE LESS CRIME!



AND THE UNCONSCIOUS TWEED FALLS DOWN THE PIT TO THE BLACK WATER BELOW--



SUDDENLY A CRASH OF GLASS SPLITS THE AIR--

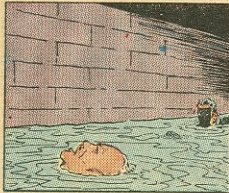


AND THE SURPRISED THUGS HAVE ONLY A GLIMPSE OF THE HURLING FIGURE OF THE CLOCK-





MEANWHILE THE CLOCK SPIES  
THE UNCONSCIOUS TWEED -



THIS CURRENT -  
IT'S TERRIFIC!



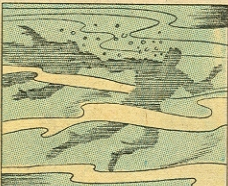
GOT!  
HIM!



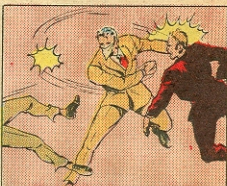
SUDDENLY THE CLOCK AND  
TWEED ARE SUCKED BENEATH  
THE SURFACE OF THE WATER -



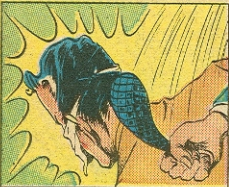
DESPERATELY HE STRUGGLES  
AGAINST THE TREACHEROUS  
CURRENT -



AND UP ABOVE, PUG FIGHTS  
GALLANTLY AGAINST GREAT  
ODDS -



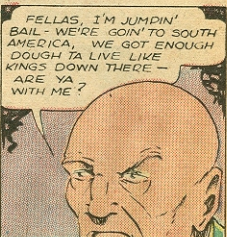
WHEN SUDDENLY A BLOW  
FROM BEHIND SENDS HIM  
INTO OBLIVION -



OKAY, BOYS - TOSS  
HIM AFTER THE  
OTHERS!



FELLAS, I'M JUMPIN'  
BAIL - WE'RE GOIN' TO SOUTH  
AMERICA, WE GOT ENOUGH  
DOUGH TA LIVE LIKE  
KINGS DOWN THERE -  
ARE YA  
WITH ME?



SURE - BUT TH' MINUTE  
YOU BOOK PASSAGE, WELL  
BE PICKED UP BY TH'  
COPS!



I KNOW THAT, SO  
WE'RE GONNA TRY  
AN' MAKE IT IN  
TH' SPEED-BOAT!

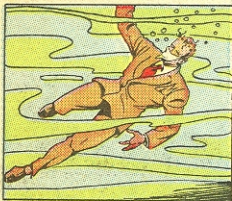
OKAY -  
LET'S START!



WHILE BELOW, THE SHOCK  
OF HITTING THE WATER BRINGS  
PUG TO, AND HE TOO BATTLES  
THE FIERCE CURRENT - - -



PUG IS ALSO SUCKED BENEATH THE SURFACE -



JUST AS HIS LUNGS SEEM ABOUT TO BURST, HIS HEAD POPS ABOVE THE WATER -



PUG!

BOSS - YOU'RE SAFE!



GIVE ME A HAND WITH TWEEED, HE'S STILL OUT!



ONCE MORE ON DRY LAND, THE CLOCK WORKS OVER THE LIMP TWEEED -

BOSS - LOOK!

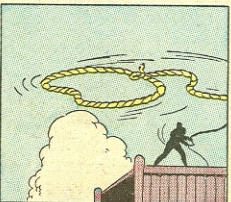


IT'S DORN, MAKING A GET-AWAY - GIVE ME THAT ROPE!

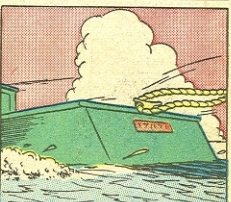


PUG, TIE THE OTHER END OF THIS ROPE TO THAT PILE!

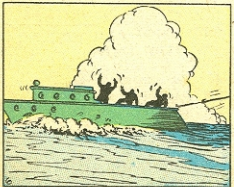
SNAKE-LIKE, THE ROPE STREAKS THROUGH THE AIR -



AND FINDS ITS MARK -



USING UP THE PLAY IN THE ROPE, THE BOAT COMES TO A SUDDEN STOP -



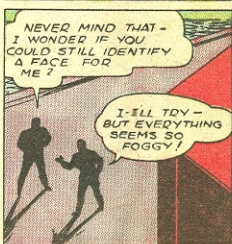
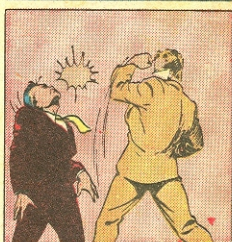
THROWING THE CROOK'S INTO THE WATER -



CUT THE ROPE, PUG - THE MOTOR'S STILL RUNNING - THE BOAT WILL HEAD OUT TO SEA AND THEY'LL HAVE TO SWIM BACK HERE!







LATER...

**MAIL**

**DORN CONVICTED OF MURDER.**  
IDENTIFIED AS THUG WHO SHOT AND KILLED PATROLMAN BILLO IN GUN DUEL.

**TWO OF DORN'S HENCHMEN GIVEN 20 YEARS FOR KIDNAPPING HOMER TWEED, THE STATE'S STAR WITNESS.**

TWEED RELATED TO THE COURT HOW HIS LIFE WAS SAVED BY THE CLOCK, AND THAT IT WAS THIS SAME MYSTERIOUS CLOCK WHO KEPT DORN AND HIS GANG FROM FLEEING THE COUNTRY.



## QUALITY COMIC GROUP.

322 Main Street.  
Stamford, Conn.

(Use this coupon for listing your favorites in SMASH COMICS, NATIONAL COMICS, CRACK COMICS, HIT COMICS and other comic magazines. Enclose this coupon with your letter entering contest described on page 2 cover.)

### In SMASH COMICS

I like these features.

1. ....
2. ....
3. ....
4. ....
5. ....

### In NATIONAL COMICS

I like these features.

1. ....
2. ....
3. ....
4. ....
5. ....

### In CRACK COMICS

I like these features.

1. ....
2. ....
3. ....
4. ....
5. ....

### In HIT COMICS

I like these features.

1. ....
2. ....
3. ....
4. ....
5. ....

In other comic magazines I like these features.

1. ....
2. ....
3. ....
4. ....
5. ....
6. ....
7. ....
8. ....
9. ....
10. ....

ORDER BEFORE PRICE GOES UP

# Boys

# PRINT CARDS • CUTS TICKETS • LABELS

From REAL Printer's Metal  
Type with PRINTER'S INK

## NEW ONE-MAN SHOP COMES COMPLETE

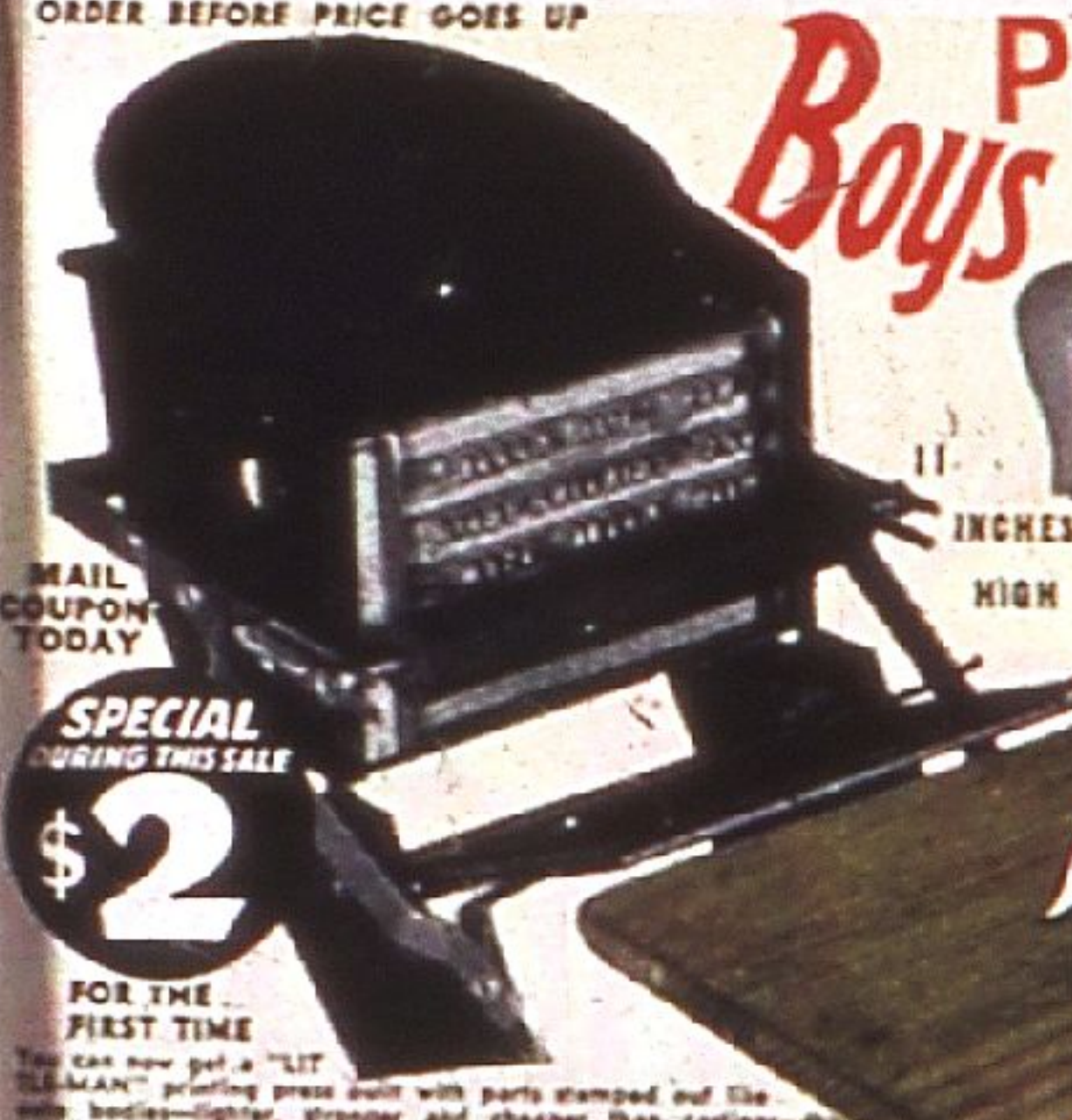
Including substantially built, ALL-STEEL press, mechanical inking roller, 2 1/4" x 3 1/4" steel type chase, 138-pc. set of 12 pt. Copper-plate Gothic type, en and em quads, thin spaces, rigglets, lock-up screws, ink, paper and step-by-step instructions easily followed.

### ACCESSORIES

Extra Type, 12 pt. Gothic..... 14c  
Small Gothic, 8 on 12 pt..... \$1.00  
Job Font Quads & Spaces..... 15c  
Wood Case for Type..... 75c

### MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

7 Day Free Trial



MAIL  
COUPON  
TODAY

**SPECIAL**  
DURING THIS SALE  
**\$2**

**FOR THE FIRST TIME**  
You can now get a "LITTLE MAN" printing press built with parts stamped out like auto bodies—lighter, stronger and cheaper than castings—the way that makes possible this all-time low price.  
WORKS like the famous GORDON PRESS with STANDARD TYPE. You learn to set type, lock up forms, read proofs, make ready, feed the press—love the smell of printer's ink and know the magic of turning a blank piece of paper and printing words, ideas, powerful enough to make a people, after the manner of Ben Franklin.  
**PRINTING IS FUN AND PAYS!**

### SEND NO MONEY

Unless you wish, Pay Postman \$2.00 plus 60c for charges (Pac. Coast \$2.85). Or, if you prefer attach \$2.00 plus 34c postage and send \$1.00 deposit on C.O.D.'s beyond 200 miles.

Send "LITTLE MAN"  
Printing Press with Accessories  
( ) Amount Enclosed

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....

**PECK BROTHERS** 2325 WHITNEY AVE.  
MT. CARMEL, CONN.



